

GOOD FELLOW BADLY NEEDED

Unless Someone Comes to Rescue,
Hundred Little Ones Will Be
Without Toys Tomorrow.

Wanted—Toys for 100 children. Unless someone comes forward today with enough toys to supply them, 100 little ones will be without a Christmas according to the members of the Christmas committee of the Associated Charities. Although, up until Tuesday, 185 families, comprising 840 children, had been provided for there still remain these 100 children who, because of duplications in other places will have to go unprovided for.

"Conditions among the poor," said Mrs. W. C. Stover, chairman of the Christmas committee, "are worse than they have been in years. More men are out of work than ever before and homes are bare and without heat, and children are destitute of clothing. In hundreds of cases fathers are working but three days of the week."

"But never before has there been such ready and generous co-operation in the Christmas work. Many people who have never before thought of doing any work of the kind have assisted this year."

All of the churches and many organizations have co-operated. The Commercial Athletic club has been especially generous providing a large number of Christmas dinners and toys and the various members have freely loaned their automobiles for any use to which they might be put.

Provides for Hundred. Individuals, too, have made many splendid contributions. One man alone provided toys for 100 children. Another woman, feeling that she could not give as much as she liked, conceived the beautiful idea of collecting old toys from her neighbor children and sending them for the little children of the poor. In this way she has provided for 15 or 20 poor little ones. Old toys absolutely worthless to their owners she painted or glued, or if they were dolls, dressed them until they all looked like new. Beside this she furnished several families with Christmas dinners as well as toys.

One firm has offered to fit out in underwear all the children who are left out. All the children on the list of the Christmas committee will be provided with necessities. Even the 100 who may have to do without toys will have clothing and food.

Many of the families on the list of the Christmas committee include 12 or 13 children. The average is eight. When they get their toys to six or seven they are considered small.

Contributions will be received by the Christmas committee all day today. The office at 128 S. Main st. will not close until tonight.

Must 100 little hearts be seen on Christmas day?

Is there not someone who will provide toys for these 100 little poor children?

TOSSES PARCEL AWAY; EXPLOSION IS RESULT

Woman's Intuition Saves Her When
She Receives Innocent Looking
ing Package.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 24.—A peculiar rattle from the inside of what appeared to be an innocent Christmas gift, alarmed Mrs. John Taranto here Tuesday and she flung the package from her and ran. A moment later it exploded. Somebody had sent her a bomb through the mails and she released the percussion mechanism when she removed the outer cover. She reached another room in safety but the explosion did much damage to the house.

Mrs. Taranto told the police her suspicions as to the handwriting on the wrapper and they are looking for her husband from whom she has been separated two years. A similar package sent by messenger last year Mrs. Taranto refused then to receive.

WQMAN IS SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT

MERIDIAN, Texas, Dec. 24.—Mrs. Ellen Ethridge, who confessed to killing four of her step-children a few months ago, was Tuesday sentenced to life imprisonment after a verdict finding her guilty of the murder of Oscar, her step-son, five years old. The prosecution planned separate trials in each case and caused the second immediately after Tuesday's verdict.

Mrs. Ethridge is the wife of a stock man whom she married last March.

In her confession, Mrs. Ethridge said that last June she held a can of kerosene to the lips of her two-year-old step-daughter, Beulah, until the child swallowed enough to cause her death, because the child that morning "got up puffy and fretful."

Later, she said, she also gave kerosene to her step-son, Harrison, and on October 2, according to her statement, she gave poison to Oscar, Dick and Pearl Ethridge, because they "looked like they were going to be sick."

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PLANS ARE MADE FOR NEXT POULTRY SHOW

Officers Elected at Meeting
Held Tuesday Night—Fifty
Silver Cups Have Been Do-
nated by Local Merchants.

Local poultry fanciers are predicting that the next poultry show to be held here will be one of the largest and best attended of any thus far held in the city. Dates for the show were announced Tuesday night at the meeting of the South Bend Poultry and Pet stock association from Feb. 2 to Feb. 7. Reports were heard that many exhibitors at the recent show in Chicago will come to South Bend to enter the competitive lists.

The directors decided to let the contract for the cooping of birds to the Keiper Cooping company of Milwaukee, Wis. Fifteen hundred coops will be obtained for the use during the show. All birds entered will be cooped and fed free of charge during the show. George H. Northrup of Racineville, N. J., will be in charge of the poultry judging. The judges for pet stock and pigeons will be announced later.

Officers to have charge of the show were elected as follows: J. H. Avery, president; Joseph H. Chappell, first vice president; J. D. Emmons, second vice president; Paul A. Heilman, secretary and treasurer; Charles E. Feldmiller, poultry superintendent; E. C. Martindale, assistant poultry superintendent.

The premium lists are now in the making. It was announced at the meeting that 20 silver cups have already been donated by merchants of the city. A special meeting on the premium lists will be held Monday evening, Dec. 29, by the board of directors. Some time in January a general meeting will be held at which session Frank E. Hering will be the principal speaker.

NORTHERN EXPLORERS IN WINTER QUARTERS

Members of Stefansson Expedition
Safe at Collision Point Near
Arctic Circle.

OTTAWA, Dec. 23.—Dr. R. M. Anderson, chief anthropologist with the Stefansson expedition, reported to George J. des Barats, deputy minister of naval affairs, Tuesday that the scientists and members of the crews of the Alaska and Mary Sachs, two of the explorers' vessels are safe and well in winter quarters at Collinson Point, 50 miles from Flaxman Island in the Arctic circle.

The report arrived by mail Tuesday and states, contrary to recent dispatches from Seattle, that neither of the two vessels is damaged to any extent. The Mary Sachs was caught in the ice packs last September, but can be repaired easily.

Dr. Anderson reports last having seen Kartuk in an ice pack near Point Barrow, on August 19.

The mail received Tuesday was despatched from Collinson Point on Oct. 13 by runner to Circle City, Alaska and thence it was sent south by a steamer.

WORD RECEIVED OF MRS. PRASS' DEATH

Went West for Her Health a Few
Weeks Ago, Shortly After Death
of Her Husband.

A telegram was received late Tuesday afternoon from Tucson, Ariz., announcing the death of Mrs. Otto Prass, widow of Otto Prass, the Michigan shoe merchant, who died Oct. 13. The details have been received but it is believed death was due to appendicitis. Mrs. Prass underwent an operation last Saturday. Mrs. Prass died at Dr. Metzger's sanitarium where she went with her son Paul for her health shortly after her husband's death. The body is expected to arrive in South Bend Friday. Funeral arrangements have not been made.

She is survived by two sons, Paul and Martin, and one daughter, Mrs. H. S. Badet, all of South Bend. She was born at Lafayette, Ind., Feb. 25, 1845, being 48 years of age. Before her marriage Mrs. Prass was Ida Yeager.

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any new stove—this is the
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A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews
Author of *The Perfect Tribute, etc.*

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(Continued from Tuesday.)
CHAPTER XXXI.
Brothers.

Colonel Hampton's study was dark from floor to ceiling with brown oak wainscoting and was lighted by a dull brightness of portraits. An ancestor in a scarlet coat, the red turned yellow and brown with time; an ancestress in dimmed glory of blue satin and lace and pearls; a judge in his wig and gown, gave the small room importance. A broad window looked through bare branches, lacy-black against sky, across a rolling country and groups of woodland.

On the morning of the first day of April, 1837, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte stood at the window, staring at brown hills and trying to trace a likeness between this new world and the ancient country which he called his; France, where, since he was seven years old, he had been allowed to spend but a few weeks. France, which had freshly exiled him; France, the thought of which ruled him, as he meant one day to rule her; France, for whom he was eating his heart out today, as always.

Thousands of miles from her shores. His gaze grew introspective; in a long panorama he saw the scenes of his picturesque life—surely a life of heights and depths such as few have known. Dimly he remembered the gorgeousness of his uncle's court, himself conspicuous there—a little lad of five—a princeling whose birth had been celebrated by one hundred and twenty millions of people in twenty tongues and dialects; vaguely he felt the agitated atmosphere of the Hundred Days; of the time when he and his brother, in hiding with their mother's dressmaker, had trodden Paris streets as children of the people. And then came his theatrical escape, with mother and brother, into an exile lasting unbroken for fifteen years.

He recalled the happy life at Arenenberg, in Switzerland, and the work and play and soldierly training which all pointed, in the boy's mind, to one end—France—a France, a service which did not at that time mean sovereignty, for the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, was alive and the head of the house of Bonaparte. He thought of his short career, his and his well-beloved brother's, together, with the Italian insurgents against the Austrians, and the lonely man's heart longed for his own people as he went over again that time of excitement and sorrow, ending with the older boy's death at Forlì and his own illness and narrow escape from capture.

"What a mother!" he cried aloud, tossing up his hands with French demonstrativeness, as the memory came to him of the days in Ancona when he lay at death's door, hidden in the very room next that of the Austrian general, saved only at last by the marvelous mother's wit and courage. The journey through Italy to France, that was drama enough for one life. Recognized at every turn, betrayed ever and ending with the smile Louis smiled his slow dim smile—a fitting ending indeed to days whose every minute was adventure. He thought of the landlord of the inn, the old cavalryman, the Frenchman—Beaupre—that was the name; it was set in his memory; it had been in that tenacious memory since an afternoon of 1824, when a runaway schoolboy prince had slipped over the Jura, and played with three other children, about a ruined castle; he saw Francois Beaupre take reverently in his hand the sword which Napoleon had held—and then the alarm! That was a fine sight—the dash of the youngster through the startled mob of Austrians; the flying leap to the horse; the skirmish to get free; and at last, at last, the chase. He had seen it all, watching quietly while his mother and the landlord implored him to hide himself. That young Frenchman, he should be alive—if ever he should see him again Prince Louis would not forget. It was psychological that he should have been thinking this when a knock sounded deliberately on the door of the room. But picturesque coincidences happen in lives as well as on the stage; in Louis Napoleon's there was more than one.

"Entrez!" he called sharply, and then, "Come in!" The door swung slowly and Aaron, white-aproned and white-eyeballed, stood in it.

"Marsee Prince," he stated with a dignity of service which crowned heads could not daunt, "ole Marsee sen' me bring you dis hyer Marsee Goprav."

A light figure stepped before the black and white of Aaron, and halted, and bowed profoundly. The light from the window on the face and the dark immense eyes that lifted toward Prince Louis, and then toward him again Prince Louis would not forget. It was psychological that he should have been thinking this when a knock sounded deliberately on the door of the room. But picturesque coincidences happen in lives as well as on the stage; in Louis Napoleon's there was more than one.

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